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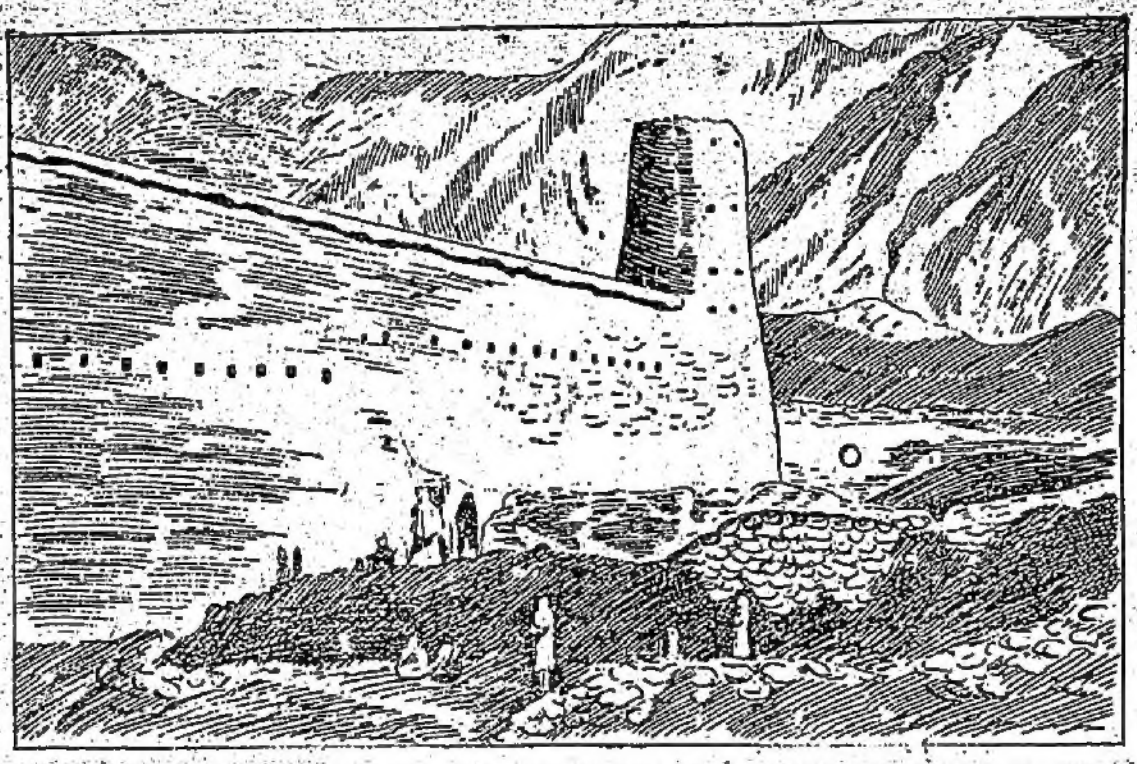
A Holiday Among the Mountains of Persia.

(Rev. C. H. Stileman, in 'Church Missionary Gleaner.'

For three weeks Dr. Carr and I had been staying with our families at the little mountain village of Soh, about seventy miles distant from Isfahan, and at an altitude of some 7,500 feet above sea level. We heard that there was a very lovely village within a few hours' ride, so determined to go and see it, and try and get an opportunity of giving the gospel message to the people there. With the intention of avoiding the heat of the day we started shortly before five a.m. on August 8, accompanied by a Persian guide, Hyder by name, and Carapiet, an Armenian servant (who was for many years with Dr. Bruce). Our road lay through mountain gorges, for the most part very rocky and barren, ever leading us higher and higher into the mountains, and not a human being did we see, except two shepherds, going in front of and leading their flocks of sheep and goats to the pastures.

At last we reached the top of the pass after a steep climb, and my aneroid made us aware of the fact that we had reached an altitude of a little over ten thousand feet, and certainly a most magnificent view rewarded us for our toil. We were right in the very heart of the mountains, rising in grand masses all around us, with mighty peaks of 13,000 and 14,000 feet towering above us. Looking back, we had a very fine view of the mountains and rocky gorges through which we had passed, while in front of us we could see our path winding its zig-zag course down the almost precipitous side of the mountain, and visible as a narrow streak in the deep valley between 2,000 and 3,000 feet below us. The doctor and I climbed to a projecting point above the top of the pass to drink in the view and rejoice in the wonderful works of God, while our horses were having a little breathing space before attempting the descent, and then we led them slowly down the steep zigzag path for some



PERSIAN VILLAGE, SHOWING OUTER SURROUNDING WALL, WITH GRAVEYARD IN THE DISTANCE.

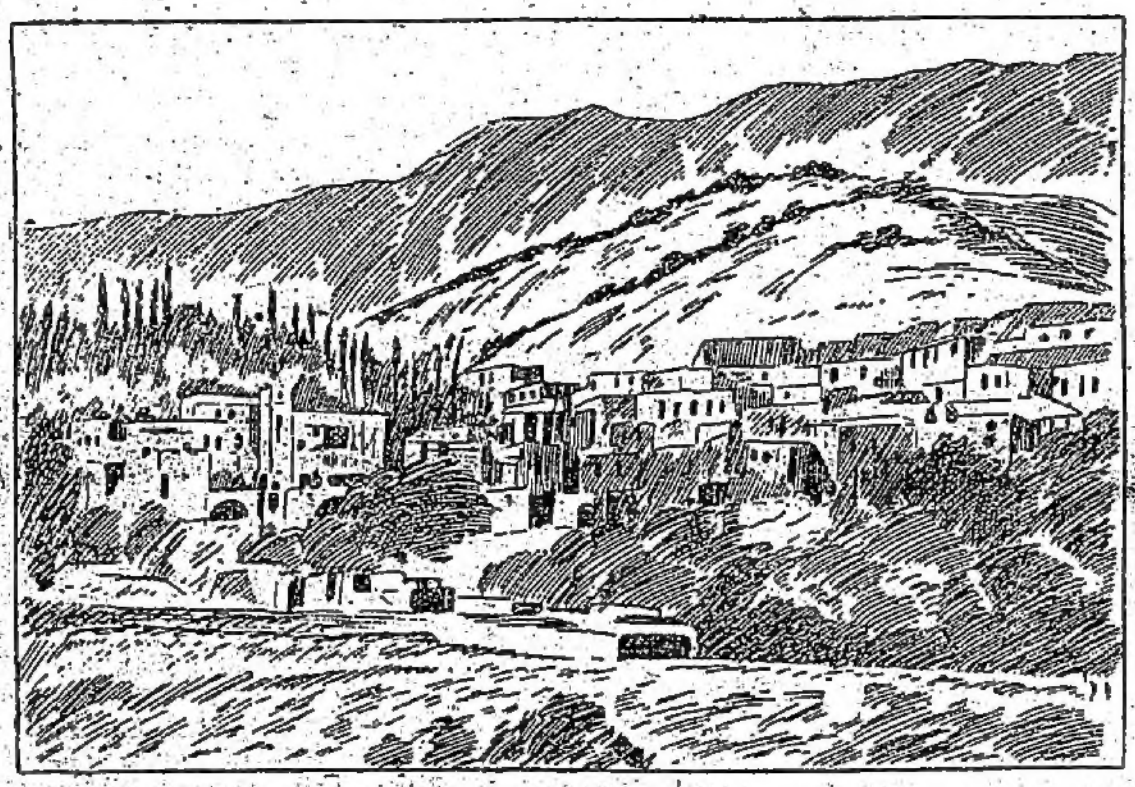
(Manure in foreground drying for fuel.)

2,000 feet. The road then became less steep, but looking up it seemed absolutely impossible to ascend such a precipice, and almost impossible to believe that we had actually walked down it. From this point we went gradually lower and lower down the winding valley, until we reached a small village called Tarrih, but (as the doctor said) we did not tarry there, as our destination was further on. I, however, left copies of two of the gospels in the village, feeling quite sure that they would find their way to the hands of some one able to read. We could not stay there, as by this time the sun was getting very hot, and we still had many hours' work in front of us. We could now almost imagine ourselves in Devonshire, as we were in a well-watered, fertile valley, everything green around us, with narrow lanes passing between orchards full of ripening apples and plums and other fruit.

At last, about eleven o'clock, we reached our destination, the village of Abiana, and, threading our way through the village, dismounted under some shady walnut trees by a rapid stream. We took up our position on the flat roof of an old mill, and while Carapiet was making ready our lunch, the villagers, young and old, came thronging round us, full of curiosity, and ready to listen to anything that we had to say to them. After a few minutes' conversation, I read St. Luke xv., and there was very quickly an eager demand and keen competition for all the gospel portions and tracts we had with us. We learned that there were already copies of the two first gospels in the village—perhaps left by Mr. Carless, who visited the place. I believe, four years ago, — and the people were very glad to receive St. Luke, St. John, and the Acts of the Apostles. The tracts, too, (from the Henry Martin Memorial Press, which is under Mr. Tisdall's able management in Julfa), proved to be very acceptable and most useful, and the titles of some of them, viz., 'The Promised Saviour,' 'The Straight Gate of the Kingdom of God,' 'Salvation, the Gift of God,' are sufficient to show that they contain much gospel truth.

Dr. Carr had brought some medicines with him, and had not long to wait for patients, who continued coming in relays all the afternoon.

When our lunch was ready some of the people went away for a time, and the rest sat round in a semi-circle to see the lions feed. They were much surprised that we could eat pressed beef, that had come all the way from Europe in a tin, and could not understand why it did not smell! The use of the knife and fork instead of our fingers, was also of course a mystery to them, and at least forty people were watching every mouthful with great interest, but were exceedingly well-behaved and kept their curiosity well within bounds. When lunch was over, the production of my watch-aneroid and compass brought our friends round us wit a rush. They were greatly interested in finding that from the latter instrument I could show them exactly the direction of Mecca, to which point of the compass they of course turn whenever they say their prayers, and this gave an opportunity of pointing out that the Word of God is the



PERSIAN VILLAGE HIGH UP IN THE MOUNTAINS

true spiritual compass, showing us the direct road to the knowledge of him who is the Life Eternal.

We had quite a large congregation all the afternoon sitting round us and listening attentively to the message of God's love. I had put the 'Gleaner' in my pocket, thinking that perhaps I should be glad to read some of it during the day. The opportunity for reading it never came, but I showed our village friends the pictures in it. These enabled one to point out that the same gospel message is needed for all races and climes, and that the same loving Saviour is manifesting his mighty power in saving men from sin in all parts of the world. They wished to know whether Japan was an island close to England, and I think, grasped the idea, that one is the land of the rising sun, and the other ratrer the land of the sunset. But strange as it may seem, the best text I got from the 'Gleaner' was the wolf's head in the advertisement on the back of it. This delighted the young people present, and I spoke to them of our great enemy in his character of a ravenous beast seeking whom he may devour. This lesson was emphasized by the fact that earlier in the week a wolf had come down from the mountains two weeks in succession to attack the flocks, but had been driven off by the barking of the dogs and the shouting of the shepherds. This naturally gave the opportunity of speaking further about the Good Shepherd, who 'gave his life for the sheep,' and was, 'manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil.' Persians, even in humble life, are very fond of poetry, and one of their best known poets says that 'it is better to cut off the wolf's head in the first instance, and not wait till he has ravaged the flock,' (cf. our proverb about shutting the stable door after the steed is stolen). When I quoted the lines they were evidently familiar to the people, and this helped to emphasize another side of truth connected with 'the wolf.'

A Vision at a Billiard Table.

(By John F. Lawis.)

Papa,' said little Minnie Page, as she crept upon her father's knee and rested her head upon his bosom, 'me doesn't love God all me should like to do.' 'Why does my little pet say that?' replied her father bending down and kissing her cheek. 'Cause he doesn't give me a good papa every day; only some days,' said the child. 'Whatever has put such a notion into your head, my baby girl?' said her father, with a troubled look upon his face. 'Some days you's very good, and comes home to Minnie 'fore she goes to bed, and then me loves God for sending you home to me; but sometimes you doesn't come home, and it makes Minnie cry to go to bed 'out papa's kiss.' 'But you ought to love God always, Minnie, because he doesn't keep your papa from coming home.' 'Doesn't God give us all good things?' said the child. 'Yes, Minnie.' 'And isn't it a good thing to have a good papa come home to kiss Minnie and love her 'fore she goes to bed?' 'Papa does love his little one, whether he comes home to her or not,' said James Page, with a choking sensation in his throat. 'But if God would send papa home every night, me would love him all day long for it, said the little prattler. 'I think my little one is tired and wants to go to bed now; so papa will give her a sweet kiss because he is here to-night, ana then you must love God to-morrow for it.'

Away ran the little one to her mamma vith a merry laugh, and James Page, left alone, felt most uneasy. He rose from his chair and stood gazing out of the window, with his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, and his eyes fixed on nothing in particular. His little four-year-old baby had struck a chord that jarred unpleasantly upon his inner ear; and gave voice to a conscience upon which the searing process was just commencing.

He was not a profligate, by any means. He had been trained in a religious home; had sittings, which he and his wife frequently occupied, in the Methodist chapel not far from his own house. He was respectably connected and outwardly moral; but he had become connected with a club which numbered among its members several who were in his own line of business, and with whom he was well acquainted. The day after the conversation with his child he was very much agitated. He lacked the power of application, and could not concentrate his mind upon his business. The little plaintive face with its sorrowful look was ever before him whichever way he turned, and the words, 'It makes Minnie cry to go to bed 'out papa's kiss,' were ringing in his ears all day long. He put his fingers in his ears and tried to stop the sounds from entering, but they seemed to him more distinct than ever. He knew not what to do. At last, growing desperate, he rushed off to his club, and hoped that there he might shut out the vision and the words—at least for a time.

At the door his ears were greeted by the hilarious shouts of his gay companions, many of whom were further gone in moral degeneracy than himself, and his entrance was hailed with applause. He was a general favorite among them, and a place was soon found for him at the billiard-table, and his friends regarded him as settled for the evening. But no: he could not settle. From the other end of the board the white ball transformed itself into a pale, pleading face, and above the rude jests and coarse laughter of his companions, he heard distinctly his baby's words, 'It makes Minnie cry to go to bed 'out papa's kiss.' He struggled resolutely but he had 'no luck,' he declared again and again. His hand trembled and he missed his stroke just when the game depended upon it. It was no use, and in despair he threw down his cue, and, to the astonishment of his friends, grasped his hat and fled from the room. They were struck dumb with astonishment as they watched his retreating form, and heard the street door clash behind him as he went out.

Once in the open air he felt like saying to himself, 'I will never enter that place again'; but he hesitated to say the words, not being sure whether his resolution had reached that point or not, and, if it had, he knew not whether he had strength to keep it. A little child was leading him, though he knew it not, and another hand unseen was guiding the little child. He felt himself irresistiby drawn, as by an invisible cord, towards his home, and the nearer he approached it, the more intense became the anguish of his mind. Entering unseen by the front door, he noiselessly ascended the stairs and crept into the room where his little one was sleeping. Th gas was turned low, but looking upon the sweet face, he could discern in the dim light that an unwiped tear stood upon her little cheek, and that tear witnessed to a kiss longed for but not received. This little dewdrop opened the floodgates of his own tears, and he sank by the bedside in an agony of penitential sorrow. The hand of God was upon him, and he thought only of his own sinfulness and the possibility of Divine mercy revealing itself in pardon. He struggled long, but at last gained the victory, and when he rose from his knees a new light had dawned upon his soul and a new hope had sprung up in his heart. He felt himself a 'new creature,' and, bending down over the unconscious sleeper, his eyes suffused with tears of joy, he said, 'Sweetest Minnie, thou hast led thy prodigal father to his home and to his rest, and saved him and his loved ones from a world of misery and sorrow.'—'Christian Herald.'

A Guest-Chamber Sentiment.

Stopping recently at a friend's house, relates the Rev. Addison P. Foster, in the 'Advance,' when I came to enter the guest chamber for the night, I found hanging up under the gas-light the following beautiful lines. They were so sweet and comforting that I copied them, having never seen them before. Possibly some one else may be glad to place a fair copy of them where they shall greet a tired and burdened guest when he first seeks the retirement of his room :

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart.
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still :
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light,
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly, then ; Good Night.

The Universal Poet.

Longfellow has been called the universal poet. A London editor recently remarked of English working-people: 'Thousands can repeat some of his (Longfellow's) poems who have never read a line of Tennyson, and probably never heard of Browning.' An American has just given this testimony: He was travelling on a Mediterranean steamer, and Longfellow was mentioned. Six nationalities were represented by the passengers who recited selections from our poet. A Russian lady repeated the poem beginning, 'I stood on the bridge at midnight.' An English captain returning from the Zulu war repeated, 'A Psalm of Life.' The captain of the steamer, who was an officer of the French navy, rendered 'Excelsior,' in broken English. Others united in this expressive tribute to one who sang for all lands in a language of the heart, that all can understand. —'Forward.'

Persevering Scholars.

The governor-general reported that at the autumnal examination in Fuchau nine candidates over eighty years of age, and two over ninety, went through the prescribed tests and sent in essays of which the composition was good and the handwriting firm and distinct. Aged candidates, he said, who have passed through an interval of sixty years from attaining their bachelor's degree, and who have attained the three last examinations for the higher, bare, if successful the fourth time, entitled to an honorary degree. The governor of Honan in like manner, reported thirteen candidates over eighty years of age, and one over ninety, who all 'went through the whole nine day's ordeal, and wrote essays which were perfectly accurate in diction, and showed no signs of failing years.' But even this astonishing record was surpassed in the province of Anhui, where thirty-five of the competitors were over eighty years of age, and eighteen over ninety! Could any other country afford a spectacle like this?—Rev. A. H. Smith, D.D., in 'Chinese Characteristics.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

How Constable 148 Z Did His Duty.

(By Lucy Taylor, in 'Light in the Home.')

'Any better, Sue?'

The question was an anxious one, but there was also a ring of hopelessness in its tone that told plainly enough what answer was expected.

And the answer came, brief, and bitter, from a woman's lips—

'No, Tom, just the same.'

Tom Morris had just returned to his poor little home, now swept bare by the relentless, desolating hand of poverty. He crossed the comfortless, fireless room and stood at his wife's side; together they watched the face of their only child as the little fellow lay propped up on an old couch, his cheeks pale and pinched, yet flushed with burning spots of fever.

Presently Sue spoke again.

'Any work, Tom?' she said.

'No,' returned the man stolidly, almost sternly. 'No—never will be, it seems. I'm sick to death o' tramping about. God has forsaken us!'

Sue did not answer, only her eyes filled, and she stooped over the child to hide the tears. Her own faith was at too low an ebb to speak a word of cheer to Tom.

'Can't the doctor do nothing for him, wife?' Tom asked presently.

'Yes,' was the almost fierce response, though uttered in a low whisper. 'Yes, if he could only have had a chance, but our darling is being starved, Tom, and no doctor's stuff won't do him any good if he ain't fed. He wants beef-tea more than physic, and we haven't got a shilling, and there aint a thing left to pawn.'

'And is there nobody won't help us?' groaned her husband. 'Is the boy to die for the sake of the few shillings thousands of rich folks would fling away in waste?'

'Yes, I suppose so,' returned Sue, her face set and stony, and evidently scarcely knowing what she said. 'But, look here, Tom,' she went on, 'Here's just one chance. Take home this dish; a lady sent a bit of custard the other day for Bertie, and she might help us again. Just say as the boys no better, if you can get a hearing.'

Tom took up the dish, gave one swift glance at his boy's face, and went.

'The boy has beef-tea to-night, whether the lady helps us or not,' he said, as he went out.

Sue wondered just a little what he meant. Then Bertie moaned, and she took him on her knees and lulled him into a troubled sleep.

'Mrs. Hill is engaged; she cannot attend to you now; she has visitors to afternoon tea.'

Such was the response to Tom's feeble appeal on behalf of his dying child. He turned away in silence, and the servant took up an elegant cake-basket and passed into the drawing-room to wait upon the guests; the price of the basket's contents would have fed Tom's sick child for days, but, of course, nobody knew, or thought of that.

Tom sauntered slowly down the street. He had no intention of going direct home; he could not face Sue, bringing nothing for the little invalid, nor did he mean to. He would have what he wanted now by force or fraud; the only question was, how. Conscience he fiercely silenced as he strolled on a bit, then came to the door of a little 'public,' and lingered a moment.

Tom was no hard drinker; he never came home drink, he never spent much money with the publican, and he fondly imagined his 'moderate' glass did no harm. He would have had one now, had the money been in his pocket; it would have given him 'nerve,' he thought, for an awkward job.

As he lingered, still very undecided what to do, an old companion came up.

'Why, Tom, mate,' said he, 'you're the very feller I wanted to see!'

Tom had not a very high opinion of this Joe Jackson, and he had seen nothing of him for a long time, and he was, therefore, a little surprised at the greeting.

'Come along in,' went on Joe, giving Tom a shove toward the swinging-door of the White Lion. 'Come along in, and we'll have a glass over it.'

'Aint got a brass farthing, said Tom gloomily, holding back.

'Stuff and nonsense, man! I'll stand treat,' returned Joe. 'What, down on your luck? What's wrong, now?'

'A good bit, I guess,' replied Tom; and then he went on to tell his companion of the straits of the last six months, and the desperate extremity of the present moment.

'Well, look here,' said Joe, after he had silently listened to the pitiful tale, the two men sitting alone together over their pots of

ale. 'We'll get you out of all that muddle in a jiffey, if you've the sense to do us a good turn.'

Tom promised, and Joe went on.

'The fact is,' said he, 'we've quite a little job on hand—just our set, you see, four of us. You know old Colonel Dyer's place? He's got an awful lot of silver and such-like, and—well, you see, he doesn't want it at all, hasn't no use for it, and we have.'

Joe paused a minute to see if his companion understood, or whether he was too much shocked to listen to further proposals. But Tom was well through his second pot of beer, and getting a trifle muddled; besides, he had felt so desperate before meeting with his chum that he was prepared for any means of getting the sorely-needed money.

Joe went on.

'You see we have arranged it all nicely,' he said in a very low voice, 'and it was to be to-night, and now that fellow Jonathan Jakes—a knowing fellow he is, and had planned it all out—he's took ill that bad he can't stand; and the colonel's going off to India in a few days, and the stuff will be sent to the bank, sure as fate, and the game'll be up. It's mighty awkward.'

There was silence. Tom understood Joe's meaning perfectly; he wanted him to help. Well, he hadn't meant that sort of thing, reckless as he had felt; but it didn't do to be particular; money he meant to have somehow, and just as well this way as any other, since honest ways seemed utterly closed.

'What's to do?' he said, shortly.

'Well mate,' returned Joe, 'if you're game for the job, ye shan't hev nothink to do what will get yer inter trouble, and a good share of the swag all the same. Needn't come inside if ye don't want, but we must have somebody at hand to give the alarm if anyone gets scent of us, and to take any trifles we may lay hands on pretty sharp off. But there, it's as plain as a pike-staff; just across the railway line, past the orchard, over the fence, and there you are; no dogs to bother, and the old housekeeper's deaf, and sleeps like a pig. An easy job, I tell yer; wonder how the professional fellers hadn't never thought of it.'

An hour had pssed before Tom and his chum had emerged from the White Lion, and by that time everything had been fully talked over; Tom was a sworn confederate in the intended robbery, and two half-crowns kept each other company in his pocket. He hurried home with quick step, only stopping once on the way at the butcher's for a good supply of beef for his child, Sue burst into tears when she saw it, and when Tom flung the silver beside it on the table; but to her eager questionings she gained but little or no response, except an unnecessarily emphatic statement that the food and money did not come from the friend who had given the custard. But Sue's whole heart was with her sick child, and she soon forgot any vague uneasiness about Tom's odd manner, in the joy of tempting Bertie with the little delicacies this money had provided.

The boy was in a sweet sleep when Tom kissed Sue late that evening and prepared to start.

'It won't be all night work, will it, Tom dear?' she inquired anxiously, scanning his face. Tom 'guessed not,' and went out in silence.

He slouched along on the darkest side of the road, feeling guilty and uncomfortable, and quickening his step a little when he met a leisurely policeman; he never remembered having noticed one with any particular interest before. There was nobody about, and down a dark out-of-the-way back lane Tom soon joined his companions of the afternoon. A few minutes later two others came up, and the four men moved quietly away, talking over plans briefly and in a low tone, as they crossed two or three fields towards the railway line which ran at the foot of Colonel Dyer's grounds. Here they scrambled through a hedge with some difficulty, and slipped down a steep incline at the side of the cutting. Then, crossing the rails, and climbing up the opposite bank, they easily scaled the low paling, and found themselves under the dense shadow of thick trees in a private garden.

Tom did not at all relish his position. In fact, he had heartily repented, by this time, of having listened to the evil proposal which had won his consent in a moment of weakness and desperation. However, he told himself (or the devil told him) that it was too late to go back now, that it would be a fine thing, after all, to have money enough to last Sue for weeks, whether he got work or not, and that it wasn't his fault if the colonel lost his property; the robbery would

have been carried out in any case, whether he got the benefit of the spoil or not.

Tom soon found that, as his companion had promised, the part he was called on to fill was not a difficult, or apparently, a perilous one. He was to keep careful watch for any alarm while the others secured the booty, and be ready to carry off any articles brought him and conceal them, until the thieves had completed their work, and were prepared to decamp with the whole of the plunder.

The night was dark and still, and Tom waited a good half-hour, hidden beneath a gloomy ever-green without catching the slightest sound that indicated any likelihood of his companions' stealthy depredations being suspected. Several valuable articles were handed to him from time to time, and he crept to the end of the garden and stowed them under the fence at an easy point for a hurried departure. He was awaiting the reappearance of his companions, and congratulating himself on the singular success of the whole scheme, when he was suddenly startled by a slight but shrill whistle, apparently at some hundred yards' distance. Immediately after he heard the quick, cautions steps of the plunderers.

'Hook it sharp, Morris!' said one of them, as they passed his hiding-place. 'Some prying Bobby's got wind of us, worse luck!'

All the gang dashed down the garden together, and were over the fence in a twinkling, though they managed to carry a good part of the booty with them. The policeman, however, whose whistle had summoned help was on their track. In the darkness by the fence he might have lost traces of the fugitives had they not, in their hot haste, dropped a silver milk-jug, on which the light of the pursuer's bullseye fell, thus guiding his steps.

Tom had fallen slightly behind, or, rather, his companions' fleeter footsteps had distanced his; he was the last to slide down the slope and hurry across the rails. And justice was close at his heels. The policeman saw that some of the gang had finally escaped him, but was making desperate efforts to overtake the solitary straggler, whom he felt he could easily have overpowered and secured. But fortune seemed, at that moment, to favor crime rather than law and order. 'Bobby,' in his eager pursuit of the culprit on unfamiliar and difficult ground, stumbled among the brambles, and the grass being very slippery from recent slight rain, was unable to regain his footing; he fell heavily and slipped the whole distance to the bottom of the cutting on to the rails, where he lay with a broken thigh, partially stunned, too, with the force of the shock. his head having been severely struck more than once in the fall.

By this time Tom Morris had reached the top of the opposite slope, and was just about to make his way through the stubborn, prickly hedge. The cry uttered by his unfortunate pursuer as he fell, brought him, however, to a standstill. He turned, noticed the huddled, motionless heap down there on the line, and immediately a rush of conflicting thoughts and motives struggled together in his soul for the mastery. The fellow was helpless now, and Tom smiled to himself grimly. There was no need to hurry, for he would be pursued no farther. He could get home comfortably now, with the valuable burden he carried, and make a good thing of it after all.

Yet Tom did not move. Some strange influence seemed to fascinate him as he turned back again and glanced at the prostrate figure. It did not stir. Could the fellow be dead? A pang of conscious guilt smote Tom's heart as the thought occurred to him he shuddered as he shrank from the horror of bloodguiltiness. But a deep groan escaped the wounded man at this instant, and reassured Tom. No, the policeman was not dead, but he must be badly hurt, for still he did not rise. And he must not lie there; it was well on toward morning now, and the first train would soon be over that very line!

'It's no business of yours,' whispered the devil in Tom's ear. 'The fellow got there of his own accord; let him get off again as best he can; he'll soon get up when he hears the train coming. Get on to your pals as fast as you can, or you'll have daylight here, and be caught.'

But Tom hesitated. He had given ear to the devil before, and his prompting had entangled him in guilt which a week ago he would have shrunk from in loathing. He let conscience speak. 'If you allow that fellow-creature to lie there unaided, you are a murderer,' said the small voice, sternly. 'Go and help him. If you are captured, it is only common justice, after all. You have entered on the way of transgressors, and must expect to find it hard, but there is no need to make it harder by adding the blackest of all crimes to the transgression you have already committed against God and man. Would you save your child's life by the blood of another?'

Tom winced at the thought, hesitated a moment, and then, hiding his burden under the hedge, began slowly and cautiously retracing his steps down the incline. The sufferer below, who had recovered consciousness, was watching his movements, greatly astonished and perplexed, and, indeed, not a little alarmed. What could the burglar possibly be approaching him for? Very probably he carried fire-arms, but surely he could not be about to take the life of a pursuer now that it was perfectly easy to escape unmolested. Tom came to the side of the prostrate man.

'Much hurt, mate?' he asked.

'Pretty bad, I guess,' was the reply, the speaker being still more puzzled.

'Well, you mustn't lie here; you're half on the line,' went on Tom, 'and there'll be a train in very soon. Can't you move?'

'No,' returned the policeman; 'I can't raise myself. For pity's sake, man, send me help. I was only doing my duty in trying to run you in.'

'I know that,' said Tom. 'I haven't done my duty for a good while, so I may as well do it now. If I go for help you'll be cut to pieces in five minutes. I guess I'd better give it first and go for it afterwards.'

Tom was a broad, powerfully-built fellow, and as he spoke he stooped down and raised the injured man gently in his arms.

'How will that do, mate?' he said, as he moved the unfortunate 'Bobby' out of reach of immediate danger. 'If I'm a thief, I ain't a murderer; and God knows,' he added passionately, 'I never laid my hands on another man's goods afore to-night, and I don't think I'll be in a hurry to go thieving again—at all events,' he continued, with a touch of grim humor, 'not if I have to look after the bobby's safety as well as my own!'

But the prostrate policeman scarcely heard the last words; it was his turn now to decide a perplexing question. Here was a thief and a burglar—an amateur possibly, but a thief by his own confession. Now, was it not the chief duty of his calling to catch thieves, or, failing that, to do all in his power by which their capture and identification should be accomplished? He could not capture or detain this thief by his side, to be sure, for he was himself utterly helpless; but it was his duty to make his future capture easier by narrowly observing him. His bull's-eye had not been broken in the fall; he held it fast in his hand even now, and it still shone brightly. Should he turn it on the man who had just saved his life, and thereby largely increase the probability of lodging him safely in jail? It seemed a strange return for the kindness he had just received, a mean advantage to take of a generous action; besides, it was possible that the man might be so infuriated at such a proceeding that he would even, in a moment of passion, take the life he had saved, if he found himself in greater danger of being brought to justice.

The struggle was sharp and short, and duty won the day. With something of the feeling of the headsman who asks the forgiveness of the victim he is about to decapitate, the constable murmured feebly (for he was in very severe pain)—

'Blessings on you for saving my life! You shall not suffer for it if I can help it; but—this is my duty, and I am sworn to it as solemnly as any redcoat'; and with that he flashed the blazing light in the face of the man who had snatched him from the jaws of a horrible death, the rumble of the approaching train sounding at that moment close by.

The movement, though a slight one, cost him acute pain, and he sank back with a groan, and an exclamation which, in the roar of the passing train which just then swept by, was not heard by his companion. The flash of light in his face startled and annoyed Tom.

'He might have let me get off,' thought the thief, who had just afforded his natural foe such kindly help. 'One good turn, surely, deserves another.'

Tom would perhaps have made off instantly had not the passing train blocked the way, and when the last carriage whirled by he was startled tenfold more by the exclamation repeated again from the lips of the helpless man at his feet.

'Why—Tom Morris—Sue's husband! How came you here?'

The bull's-eye flash had revealed to its owner much more than he had expected. Some six years ago he had parted from his only sister Sue, not without fond regrets, but with every hope for her happiness, as she was marrying a steady workingman, and the young couple had begun their married life as professing Christians. But trouble had come; trouble, indeed, had been partly invited, for Sue's husband had fallen in with some godless companions, and, against his conscience, had made them his constant associates. He never got drunk nor ill-treated his wife, nor was guilty of any criminal dishonesty towards his master; but his work was so carelessly and shiftlessly done that after a while he lost his situation and got into serious difficulties. Times were heard, employment very scarce, and Tom and Sue moved into another neighborhood, in hopes of doing better. Sue's brother, Robert, often wrote, and sometimes came to see her and sent her help; but at last, to his consternation, he suddenly lost sight of her. Tom, ashamed alike of his conduct and his companions, and not choosing to be 'watched,' as he phrased it, refused to allow his wife to hold any further communication with her brother, and Robert also removing to a distance, owing to his police duties, the two had entirely lost sight of each other. Tom, however, had obtained regular work, and had been able to provide comfortably for his wife and child for several years past; indeed, he had been vexed that he had cut himself off

from Robert, and had some vague intention of 'looking him up' some day.

Then had come heavier trials, harder times than ever, and in the darkness of a hopeless recklessness he had consented to the enticing of sinners. Then had followed this singular accident, and yielding to his better feelings, which were indeed only slumbering, he had rescued his pursuer and risked detection, thus bringing himself face to face with his old friend.

In a few hurried, stumbling words, Tom explained the strange situation, as well as he could, bitterly deploring now his own sin and faithlessness. Then he hurried off to seek help, and as the dim dawn was just breaking the suffering man was carried on an ambulance into the cottage hospital. By the time that Sue's brother was in the hospital Sue's husband was in the police-station, for Tom at once resolved to give himself up, and to restore, as far as possible, the stolen property, a large part of which had remained in his care. The sight of Robert's face had recalled vividly all the happy past, and it was with an overwhelming sense of shame and contrition that Tom now vainly longed that the straight paths of God's service had never been blindly forsaken for the broader, easier way that already led to destruction.

At Robert's request Tom was permitted, however, under the charge of a constable, to go back to Sue for an hour and tell her the strange story, and from his own pocket Robert also supplied all his present needs.

"My wife will be here directly,' he said; 'and I shall send her to Sue. Don't be too down-hearted, Tom, and I will look after your missus and the little un. Turning round from wrong to right is always a hard job, man, but it's got to be done if we would get straight; and it pays in the end.'

Tom went. Sue was dreadfully shocked, it is true, when she heard that her husband must go to prison, and yet, as she confessed afterwards to Nellie, Robert's wife, she felt that better days had commenced already when he tearfully bid her and little Bertie good-bye, and went off under arrest to await his trial. Tom frankly owned to Sue, not only the sin against his country's laws, but the sin alike against the law and the love of his Heavenly Fa her, whose promise he had doubted, whose service he had long disowned, whose name he had dishonored, and yet, who had interposed his help in the hour of need. They knelt down together by their child's bed, as they had once often done, in the old happy days of early married life, and a very few broken petitions went up to heaven for forgiveness in the name of Him who casts none out, and whose blood atones for darkest sin, when once forsaken and abhorred. Comfort and peace came then, and they parted. Little Bertie was better, and recognized 'Daddy' with a glad smile, though he watched the faces of father and mother wonderingly as they bid each other farewell.

Many sad weeks came and went. Tom was committed for trial, and poor Sue sometimes almost broke down under her burden of grief and shame. Her brother recovered rapidly, and by the time the trial came on was able to appear in court. One of the gang, had, meanwhile, been captured, and, on his guilt being proved, received a heavy sentence. Tom's singular story, however, excited great interest and sympathy, and so much evidence in his favor was forthcoming that, to the great delight of 'Constable 148 Z,' and indeed of everyone who knew the circumstances, his sentence was made as light as the law would possibly allow.

On the expiration of this short term of imprisonment Tom returned to his home a very different man. He fully acknowledged the justice of his punishment, and even its salutary effect. It had softened and chastened him, not hardened and debased him. He had found how bitter are the wages the devil pays his servants, how tender and forgiving is the love with which the Father receives back the penitent. He went home to enter on a new life, to give himself to God's service in his daily work, to renounce the companionship of those who had led him into evil. Little Bertie is quite well and strong again, and 'Constable 148 Z' says he doesn't know a happier home than that of his sister Sue and her husband Tom. He is a frequent and welcome visitor there, and has never regretted for a moment that act of faithful obedience to duty, which though it seemed so hard and even ungrateful at the time, had brought such rich blessing to himself and others.

Thanksgiving Ann.

(Republished by Request.)

In the kitchen doorway, underneath its arch of swaying vines and dependent, purple clusters, the old woman sat, tired and warm, vigorously fanning her face with her calico apron. It was a dark face, surmounted by a turban, and wearing, just now, a look of troubled thoughtfulness not quite in accordance with her name—a name oddly acquired from an old church anthem that she used to sing somewhat on this wise—

'Thanksgivin' an'—
'Johnny, don't play dar in de water, chile!
'Thanksgivin' an'—
'Run away now, Susie, dearie!
'Thanksgivin' an'—
'Take care o' dat bressed baby! Here's some ginger-bread for him.
'Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody.'

You laugh! But looking after all these little things was her work, her duty; and she spent the intervals in singing praise. Do many of us make better use of our spare moments?

So the children called her Thanksgiving Ann; her other name was forgotten, and Thanksgiving Ann she would be now to the end of her days. How many these days had already been, no one knew. She had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Allyn for years, whether as mistress or servant of the establishment they could hardly tell; they only knew she was invaluable. She had taken a grandmotherly guardianship of all the children, and had a voice in most matters that concerned the father and mother, while in the culinary department she reigned supreme.

The usual early breakfast was over. She had bestowed unusual care upon it, because an agent of the Bible Society, visiting some of the country places for contributions, was to partake of it with them. But while she was busy with a fine batch of delicate waffles, the gentleman had pleaded an appointment, and, taking hasty leave of his host and hostess, had departed unobserved from the kitchen window; and Thanksgiving Ann's 'Bible money' was still in her pocket.

'Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if, 'cause a pusson's old an' colored, dey didn't owe de Lord nuffin; an' wouldn't pay it if dey did,' she murmured, when the state of the case became known.

However, Silas, the long-limbed, untiring and shrewd, who regarded the old woman with a curious mixture of patronage and veneration, had volunteered to run after the vanished guest, and 'catch him, if he was anywhere this side of Chainy.' And even while Thanksgiving sat in the doorway, the messenger returned apparently unwearied in his chase.

'Wa-ll, I came up with him—told ye I would give him the three dollars. He seemed kind of flustered to have missed such a nugget; and he said it was a ginerous jonation — equal to your master's; which proves,' said Silas, shutting one eye, and appearing to survey the subject meditatively with the other, 'that some folks can do as much good just offhand as some other folks can with no end of pinchin' an' screwin' beforehand.'

'Think it proves dat folks dat don't have no great 'mount can do as much in a good cause by thinkin' 'bout it a little aforehand, as other folks will dat has more, and puts der hands in der pockets when de time comes. I believe in systematics 'bout such things, I does;' and with an energetic bob of her head, by way of emphasizing her words, old Thanksgiving walked into the house.

'Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody,'
she began in her high, weird voice; but the words died on her lips—her heart was too burdened to sing.

'Only three dollars out'n all her 'bundance!' she murmured to herself. 'Well, mebby, I oughtn't to judge; but then I don't judge, I knows. Course I knows, when I'se here all de time, and sees de good clo'es, an' de carr'age, an' de musics, an' de fine times—folks, an' hosses, an' tables all provided for, an' de Lord of glory lef' to take what happen when de time comes, an' no prep'ration at all! Sure 'nough, He don't need de help.' All de world is his;—an' He send clo'es to his naked, an' bread to his hungry, an' bibles to his heathen, if dey don't give a cent; but den dey're pinchin' an' starvin' der own dear souls. Well—'taint my soul! but I loves 'em, an' dey're missin' a great blessin'."

These friends, so loved, paid little attention to the old woman's opinion upon what she called 'systematics in givin'.'

'The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remained one's own, makes our religion seem arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax,' said Mrs. Allyn, one day; 'and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes.'

'If ye ain't give so freely an' gladly for Miss Susie's necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when de time comes,' interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

'I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way,' pursued the lady, without seeming to heed the interruption. 'Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?'

'I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way,' declared Thanksgiving. 'Was, once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young no-count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole massa he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes; an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin', and den I went bare-foot; an' dat's jist de way—'

'Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent!' exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

'Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no kind of reverence,' answered Thanksgiving.

'Well, to go, back to the original subject, all these things are matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another per-

son another,' said the lady, smilingly, as she walked from the room.

'Pears to me it's a matter of which way de Massa likes best,' observed the old woman, settling her turban. But there was no one to hear her comment, and affairs followed their accustomed routine. Meanwhile, out of her own little store, she carefully laid aside one-eighth. ''Cause if dem old Israelites was tol' to give one-tenth, I'd like to frow in a little more, for good measure. Talk about it's bein' like a tax to put away for such things! 'Clare! I get studyin' what each dollar mus' do, till I get 'em so loadened up with prayin's and thinkin's dat I mos' believe dey weigh double when dey does go.

'O de Lamb! de lovin' Lamb!
De Lamb of Calvary!
De Lamb dat was slain, an' lives again,
An' intercedes for me.'

And now another call had come.

'Came, unfortunately, at a time when we were rather short,' Mrs. Allyn said, regretfully. 'However, we gave all we could,' she added. 'I hope it will do good, and I wish it were five times as much.'

Old Thanksgiving shook her head over that cheerful dismissal of the subject. She shook it many times that morning, and seemed intensely thoughtful as she moved about her work.

''Spose I needn't fret 'bout other folks' duty—dat aint none o' my business; yas 'tis, too, 'cause dey's good to me, an' I loves 'em. 'Taint like's if dey didn't call dairselves his, neither.'

Mr. Allyn brought in a basket of beautiful peaches, the first of the season, and placed them on the table by her side.

'Aren't those fine, Thanksgiving? Let the children have a few, if you think best; but give them to us for dinner.'

'Sartain, I'll give you all dar is,' she responded, surveying the fruit.

Presently came the pattering of several pairs of small feet; bright eyes espied the basket, and immediately arose the cry:

'O, how nice! Thanksgiving Ann, may I have one?'

'And I?'

'And I, too?'

'Help yourselves, dearies,' answered the old woman, composedly, never turning to see how often, or to what extent her injunction was obeyed. She was seated in the doorway again, busily sewing on a calico apron. Still she sat there, when, near the dinner-hour, Mrs. Allyn passed through the kitchen, and, a little surprised at its coolness and quietness at that hour, asked wonderingly:

'What has happened, Thanksgiving? Haven't decided upon a fast, have you?'

'No, honey; thought I'd give you what I happened to have when de time come,' said Thanksgiving Ann, cooly, holding up her apron to measure its length.

It seemed a little odd, Mrs. Allyn thought, But then, old Thanksgiving needed no oversight; she liked her little surprises now and then, too; and doubtless she had something all planned and in course of preparation; so the lady went her way, more than half expecting an especially tempting board because of her cook's apparent carelessness that day. But when the dinner-hour arrived, both master and mistress scanned the table with wide-open eyes of astonishment, so plain and meagre were its contents, so unlike any dinner that had ever been served in that house.

'What has happened, my dear?' asked the gentleman, turning to his wife.

'Dat's all de col' meat dar was—sorry I didn't have no more,' she said, half apologetically.

'But I sent home a choice roast this morning,' began Mr. Allyn, wonderingly; 'and you have no potatoes, either — nor vegetables of any kind!'

'Laws, yes! But den a body has to tink about it a good while aforehand to get a roast cooked, an' just the same with taters; an' I thought I'd give ye what I happened to have when the time come, and I didn't happen to have much of nuffin. 'Clare! I forgot de bread!' and, trotting away, she returned with a plate of cold corn cake.

'No bread!' murmured Mrs. Allyn.

'No, honey; used it all up for toast dis mornin'. Might have made buscuit or muffins, if I had planned for 'em long enough; but dat kind 'o makes a body feel 's if dey had to do it, an' I wanted to get dinner for yer all 'o my warm feelin's, when de time come.'

'When a man has provided bountifully for his household, it seems as if he might expect to enjoy a small share of it himself, even if the preparation does require a little trouble,' remarked Mr. Allyn impatiently; but still too bewildered at such an unprecedented state of affairs to be thoroughly indignant.

'Cur'us how things make a body think o' bible verses,' said Thanksgiving, musingly. 'Dar's dat one 'bout, "Who giveth us all things richly to enjoy"; an' "What shall I render to de Lord for all his benefits to'ard me." Dar! I didn't put on dem peaches.'

'Has Thanksgiving suddenly lost her senses?' questioned the gentleman as the door closed after her.

'I suspect there is a "method in her madness," ' replied his wife, a faint smile crossing her lips.

The old woman returned with the basket sadly despoiled of its morning's contents; but she composedly bestowed the remainder in a fruit dish.

'Dat's all! De chilen eat a good many, an' dey was used up one way an' 'noter. I'se sorry dar aint no more; but I hopes you'll 'joy what dar is, an' I wishes 'twas five times as much.'

A look of sudden intelligence flashed into Mr. Allyn's eyes; he bit his lips for a moment and then asked quietly:

'Couldn't you have laid aside some for us, Thanksgiving?'

'Wall, dar now! s'pose I could,' said the old servant, relenting at the tone; 'b'lieve I will, next time. Allers kind o' thought de folks things belonged to had de best right to 'em; but I'd heard dat givin' whatever happened to be on hand was so much freer an' lovin'r a way o' servin' dem ye love best, dat I thought I'd try it. But it does 'pear's if dey fared slim, an' I 'spects I'll go back to de ole plan o' systematics.'

'Do you see, George?' questioned his wife, when they were again alone.

'Yes, I see. An object lesson with a vengeance!'

'And if she should be right, and our careless giving seem anything like this?' pursued Mrs. Allyn, with a troubled face.

'She is right, Fanny; it doesn't take much argument to show that. We call Christ our King and Master; believe that every blessing we have in this world is his direct gift; and all our hopes for the world to come are in him. We profess to be not our own but his; to be journeying towards his royal city; and that his service is our chief business here; and yet, strangely enough, we provide lavishly for our own appareling, entertainment and ease, and apportion nothing for the interests of his kingdom, or the forwarding of his work; but leave that to any chance pence that happen to be left after all our wants and fancies are gratified. It doesn't seem very like faithful or loving service.' Mr. Allyn answered, gravely. 'I have been thinking in that direction occasionally, lately, but have been too indolent, careless or selfish to come to a decision, and make any change.'

There was a long talk over that dinner-table—indeed, it did not furnish opportunity for much other employment; and that afternoon the husband and wife together examined into their expenses and income, and set apart a certain portion as sacred unto their Lord—doing it somewhat after Thanksgiving's plan of 'good measure.' To do this, they found, required the giving up of some needless indulgences — a few accustomed luxuries. But a cause never grows less dear on account of the sacrifices we make for it, and as these two scanned the various fields of labor, in deciding what to bestow here and what there, they awoke to a new appreciation of the magnitude and glory of the work, and a new interest in its success—the beginning of that blessing pronounced upon those who 'sow beside all waters.'

Mrs. Allyn told Thanksgiving of their new arrangement, and concluded, laughingly, though the tears stood in her eyes:

'Ann, now, I suppose, you are satisfied?'

'I's 'mazin' glad,' said Thanksgiving, looking up brightly; 'but satisfied—dat's a long, deep word; an' de bible says it will be when we "awake in his likeness." '

'Wall, now, I don't perfess none o' those kind o' things,' said Silas, standing on one foot, and swinging the other, 'but I don't mind tellin' ye that I think your way's right, an' I don't b'lieve nobody ever lost nothing' by what they give to God; 'cause He's pretty certain to pay it back with compound interest to them, you see; but I don't s'pose you'd call that a right good motive; would you?'

'Not de best, Silas; not de best; but it don't make folks love de Lord any de less, 'cause He's a good paymaster, and keeps His word. People dat starts in givin' to de Lord wid dat kind o' motives soon outgrows 'em—it soon gets to be prayin' rad'er dan givin.' '

'Wa-ll, ye see, folks don't always feel right,' observed Silas, dropping dexterously on the other foot.

'No, they don't. When ebery body feels right, an' does right, dat'll be de millennium. But I's glad of de faint streak of dat day dat's come to dis house!' And she went in, with her old song upon her lips:

'Thanksgivin' an' de voice of melody,'

—'Chicago Leaflet.'

Counting the Jewels.

The king of one of the Asiatic countries—so reports a recent writer—causes all the royal jewels to be displayed before him twice a year, that he may handle them, count them, and gloat over their splendor. A certain portion of them belong, as is the case in most monarchies, not to the king personally, but to the crown. He cannot sell them, nor give them away, a fact which may be supposed to lessen materially his enjoyment in handling them.

A Southern woman who died recently at a great age, and who had carried to the last day of her life a happy heart, and a singularly gay temper, thus explained the mystery of her unfailing cheerfulness:

'I was taught by my mother when a child to reckon each morning before I rose the blessings God had given me with which to begin the day. I was not simply to say:

'"When all thy mercies, O, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise,'

but I was to count the mercies one by one,

from the neat and serviceable shoes that covered my cold feet to the sunlight shining on the hill-tops. My school-friends, my play, my fun, my mother's kiss, the baby sister in her cradle—all these I learned to consider separately, and of every one to say, "He gave it to me."'

'This practice taught me the habit of thankfulness. It kept my heart near to him, kept it light and happy. These every-day blessings were not to me mere matters of course, but special, loving touches from his paternal hand. No pain or sorrow could outweigh them.'

We all have a store of richer jewels than the heathen king; and, unlike the crown regalia, these jewels are our own, given us by our Father.

How many of us mutter over, as the day begins, some perfunctory words of thanks which mean nothing? How many number their mercies, tasting the delight and joy of each, and out of glad hearts thanking the Giver?

And how many quite forget to think either of them or of him?

What better time than Thanksgiving Day in which to begin anew to cultivate a grateful temper? — 'Youth's Companion.

The Skate Up Long Pond.

(N.Y. 'Observer.')

They sat in the twilight, Charlie Stevens nd his mother, talking busily away while the ight of the open fire fell over them and draped them with its robes of gold.

'Hem!' exclaimed Charlie, 'I—I—wanted to tell you—you—about it. Hem! I—I—well, I am only one—but lots of us boys have been interested in the meetings that have been held, and think it's about time for you—for us to start.'

'What, those special services in the churches?'

'Yes, that is it, mother.'

'And you think it is time to start to serve God?'

'That—is it—that is—it, mother! I wanted to tell you.'

'I am delighted to have you, Charlie, and I would start out now. Haven't you decided?'

'Well, I am thinking about it, mother.'

'What keeps you from deciding? Where is the hitch, Charlie?'

'Well, it seems a good deal to do. It is starting out, well, the way seems a long one, and I know how other boys feel and I feel, and we sort of hold back, for we don't know as we will hold out.' Tom knows it is a long way.'

'But, Charlie, it isn't just your way. It is God's way. There are lots of helps in the way—and Oh, you will come out right! Why, the way runs to the heavenly gates—why, sitting here, it seems to me as if I could see right to the end. It is our Father's way to the Father's house!'

Here Mrs. Stevens looked at the open fire, as if the flames sweeping up from the burning logs she could see gates of gold shining afar.

'That's lovely, mother, but—'

Then came a pause, a long pause. Mother and son sat in silence before the open fire, looking at the golden gates shining afar. Soon there came from without the sound of a call, a clear, sweet boy-call. Charlie rose and went to the window.

'Just excuse me a moment. I think that is one of the boys wanting me. Sounds like Dave Pomeroy's call. Yes, I can make out Dave there in the electric light. He is beckoning. Just a moment, excuse me.'

Charlie was gone longer than a moment. When he came back, he was very much in earnest about a piece of news the messenger with the musical boy-call had brought.

'Oh, mother, the moon rises at seven, full moon, you know, and may I go up Long Pond on a skate?'

'Oh, Charlie!'

If Mrs. Stevens had said 'No,' that would have ended it, but this kind of an answer might lead to a 'Yes,' and Charlie, planting himself before the gates of gold, fast crumbling in the fire excitedly began:

'You see, mother, we are going—'

'Who are going?'

'Well, Dave Pomeroy, Charlie Weeks, Ben Weeks, Tim Dove, all nice boys—'

'Yes, I know that.'

'And then, there is Billy Grant, he is going to be our leader, Dave says. You know Billy is first-class. He is a splendid skater, and he knows all about Long Pond. He is strong, too, and he is always ready to help. Why, the other day, when Joe Selden gave out, Billy just boosted him up and took him on his back. Wasn't that splendid?'

'Yes.'

'He's that sort of a feller. And he will be our leader. He knows just where to go, too, knows all about it. He says he will keep right near us and lead us, and we needn't be afraid, and he guarantees, if we start at seven, he will get us back at eight. Now that isn't bad. Billy says he doesn't believe in late skating, or skating when the ice is at all thin, and he will look after us. Now isn't that a good case, mother, back at eight, you know, and behind a good leader, not half a mile behind, but close up—isn't it a good case, mother?'

'Yes; you may go.'

At seven there were half a dozen boy-forms on the ice clustered about a stalwart young fellow of whose muscular prowess the boys were proud, and they were all proud to be intimate enough to call him 'Billy,' and each one recognized in him an excellent kind of personal friend.

'All ready, boys!' shouted the leader. 'Skates just right. Now follow me. I don't mean to get ahead much, but if I do, any one behind just sing out, 'Billy,' or give three whistles. I am back there with you. Ready! One, two, three! Hum now.'

Long Pond was like an oblong shield of purest silver, while above it, in the sky, was another silver shield, but circular, and the two shields, the moon and the pond, shone at one another, not in rivalry, but in a glow of mutual admiration.

All the boys had recently been studying about ancient Athens, and Billy had proposed that they call different localities along the shores of the pond, after places of interest in old-time Athens.

As the party swept up the icy way, Dave called out as they neared an old boulder about four feet high:

'This, boys, is the mighty Acropolis of Athens.'

The name was greeted with a shout.

A slight rise was next approached, where Farmer Jones' flock of sheep loved to browse, for somehow it had the sweetest grass in all that neighborhood.

'Mars Hill,' cried Joe Shelden.

This was received with a shout.

'Grove of the Academy,' called out Ben Weeks, as they passed an orchard of gnarled old apple trees.

A shout welcomed this also.

So they skated on, reaching the journey's end, and then turning about, struck merrily homeward. At one point Charlie's skates began to weaken. He halted, knelt to strengthen their hold on his feet, but when he arose he was alone. Not a skater was in sight! A solitary white moon looked down on a lonely white pond, and one boy on the pond.

'Why, where have they gone?' wondered Charlie. 'Our leader said he would keep near us.'

He was sounding the call that had been agreed upon, when round a near point glided a trim, compact figure.

'Charlie, Charlie, hullo!'

'That you, Billy?'

'Yes, I missed you, and came back.'

'I thought you had forgotten me.'

'I haven't taken my thoughts off from you for a moment, it doesn't seem to me. You know I said I would look after you.'

'Give us your hand, Charlie. Away we go! Away—away—away!'

They soon joined the rest of the party and in a little while all were at home.

Charlie found his mother still by the open fireplace, her work in her lap.

'Oh, mother, it was fine!'

'You are a good boy to be back when you said.'

'We had a good leader.'

'Tell us about it.'

In his enthusiastic way he told about the party, the way and the leadership.

'Charlie, if it were a new way to you, a new pond, and Billy should come to you and tell you that he had been there and knew about the way, would you hesitate about following?'

'Why, no, mother, he would bring me out all right.'

There was a pause, and Charlie's mother watched the fire intently as if expecting the gates of gold there would open. Then she spoke:

'Charlie, before you left for the pond, we were talking about starting out in the way leading to the heavenly gates. You were afraid you might not hold out. Now you have one that offers to be your leader and guide, the Lord Jesus. He knows all the way. He promises not to leave you. You said your leader to-night thought of you and came back for you. Will Jesus do less? Can't you trust him? Don't hesitate to take him for your leader and guide. You will take him and follow him, will you not?'

What word, soft and low, Charlie whispered, his mother did not clearly hear. But he gave an answer to Another when he knelt down in prayer that night in his chamber, and the light of the moon fell over him as if it were a softened lustre stream. He had set his face that way, and he took Jesus as his leader and guide.

EDWARD A. RAND.

Never Worth While.

It is never worth while to be cross. Do you know why? For one thing, it makes you a coward. If you have trouble and are cross, it shows you are not bold enough to meet it. If you are cross with those who love you, it proves that you do not appreciate their kindness. So it goes on; it is never worth while to be cross, no matter what happens.—'Sunbeam.'

When Queen Victoria ascended the throne of England sixty years ago, the Fiji Islanders were a race of peculiarly ferocious cannibals. It was not safe for a white man to set foot on the shore. Through missionary labors the islands are wholly Christianized, and the grandchildren of these fierce cannibals have sent $4,000 for relief of the famine sufferers in India.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Stolen Babe.

The Story of an Indian's Gratitude.

In a quiet country house, near a remote fishing village on the north-east coast of Scotland, we chanced to come on a story so pleasing and picturesque that it deserves to be remembered. We will venture to retell it, adhering strictly to the facts of the narrative, which were vouched for by a Captain John M'Diarmid, then of the Veteran Battalion, and previously of the 42nd Highlanders.

Several years ago, a Mr. M'Dougal, with his wife had emigrated from Argyleshire to Upper Canada, where for a merely nominal sum, he at once bought a little land, on which he erected a rude house. Some of his ground he cultivated, and he acquired a stock of cattle, sheep, and hogs, that could be pastured in the neighboring forest.

It was a wild and lonely life, remote from church, markets and mill. When Mr. M'Dougall had to carry corn to grind he had to start out with the sun, if he wished to be home before the sinking of the same. On these occasions during his absence, the care of everything devolved on the wife, who never for a moment flinched from her duties.

But, one day, when her husband was away from home, the cattle wandering in the forest, did not respond to her call, and it became necessary for her to go forth and search for them. Denser and darker became the forest. What wonder, then, that the poor woman was presently lost? On and on she wandered, fruitlessly seeking the cattle, until in despair she gave up all hope of finding them, and only tried with equal ill-success to trace her homeward way. Worn out and sick at heart, she at last sank down at the foot of a pine tree, and was roused from her lethargy by a new terror.

An Indian hunter approached.

Now, Mrs. M'Dougal had never seen an Indian, but this Indian, accustomed to the stealthy reconnoitres of the chase, had often seen her, and knew who she was. He divined her mishap, and coming quietly towards her, beckoned her to rise and follow him. Nothing was left her but to obey, and she tramped after him in dead, fearful silence for a long while, till at last they arrived at the door of a wigwam. Here the Indian signed to her to enter; but this she refused to do, doubtless thinking of the tortures which might await her within. The man seemed puzzled for a moment then entered the hut alone, and came out again accompanied by a woman, whose smile and sympathetic gesture overcame Mrs. M'Dougal's terror sufficiently to induce her to enter the wigwam, where every attention was paid her, and she was served with a savory supper of venison.

Meanwhle the squaw had been arranging some beautiful deerskins, on which, by signs, she next invited her guest to go to rest. But Mrs. M'Dougal's suspicions were not all allayed, and she signified that she would rather remain seated by the fire. The Indian and his squaw talked together in low tones, and then the red woman took the white woman by the hand, led her to the soft couch, and lay down beside her, to assure her of her protection.

Mrs. M'Dougal sank to sleep, and awoke next morning greatly refreshed, and anxious to start homeward at once. But her hosts detained her for another savory meal. Then the Indian accompanied his departing guest, and led her to the very spot where her cattle were grazing. Collecting these, he proceeded to drive them towards the M'Dougals' house, and as the pair approached it, they heard the shouts of the distracted farmer, hallooing for his lost wife. When her husband saw her safe and well his gratitude to her kind entertainer and guide knew no bounds. The Indian was invited into the house, treated with every dainty the rough larder afforded, and presented with Mr. M'Dougal's best suit of clothes.

The red man went off in high delight. But in three days he came again, and endeavored to induce the farmer to follow him into the forest.

This the farmer positively declined to do, and the hunter went away, evidently much disappointed.

He came back, however, and renewed his entreaty, which was again rejected. He still returned, and then, as his new friends continued obdurate, he resorted to an expedient which would have scarcely occurred to anybody but an Indian hunter. Mrs. M'Dougal had a little nurseling of only a few months old. The Indian had noticed it in its cradle, and when all his beseeching words and gestures failed to take effect, he suddenly swooped down on the infant, seized it in his arms, and darted from the cottage! The parents, of course, followed, in wildest alarm, convinced that, after all, their worst apprehensions were about to be fulfilled. They could not keep pace with the runaway, though it was evident that he slackened his speed to encourage their pursuit. The mother, to her horror, felt certain that they were being led in the direction of the wigwam.

But at last the Indian stood quite still, and as they toiled up to him he held the babe towards them with one hand, while with the other he pointed to a beautiful and seemingly boundless prairie, teeming with the richest vegetation. It was to this that he had conducted them; and as he stood before Mr. M'Dougal with dignified, expressive gestures, and a few emphatic though unintelligible words, the farmer at last understood his object, and blushed to think of his own suspicions and doubts. The Indian had only wished to tell him that he had chosen a bad location for his farm, and knowing now that this white man was grateful for kindness, and because he had treated him well, he had desired to lead the stranger to this richer region, where his labor would win a more speedy and abundant reward.

The shrewd Highlander saw that the red man was right, and in a very short time the little household was transplanted, the 'flitting' being assisted by friendly Indians whom the hunter summoned to help his friends. The tribe remained most kind and serviceable neighbors, the hunter himself becoming closely attached to those whom he had succored, yet whom he persisted in regarding as his benefactors. The M'Dougals took care to acquire a legal title to their new location, and afterwards rapidly increased in wealth and importance.

Need we point a moral to our little story? If so, surely it is that there may lie a wealth of gratitude and affection in hearts least suspected, and that by serving even our enemies in love, we best honor our Master Christ.—Edward Garrett in 'Friendly Visitor.'

The Way the Children Grow.

A little rain and a little sun,
And a little pearly dew,
And a pushing up and a reaching out,
Then leaves and tendrils all about;—
Ah, that's the way the flowers grow,
Don't you know?

And a little work and a little play,
And lots of quiet sleep;
A cheerful heart and a sunny face,
And lessons learned, and things in place;—
Ah, that's the way the children grow,
Don't you know?
—Anon.

The Naughty Fingers.

'Mamma,' said Bessie, as she was undressing for bed, 'this finger and this thumb have been naughty today.'

'Why, what did they do?' asked mamma.

'They took some raisins from the closet this morning,' replied Bessie, hanging down her head.

'Did anybody tell them to do it?' asked mamma.

Bessie turned away, as she softly answered:

'I did not hear any one tell them.'

'Did they eat the raisins?' asked mamma.

'No, they put them in my mouth,' said Bessie.

'But you were to blame for taking them. Your fingers had no right to them, you know,' said mamma.

'Now what shall I do to punish this little hand?' asked mamma.

'It was only one finger and my thumb, mamma,' Bessie said, beginning to cry.

'They are two little thieves then. They cannot be trusted, so we must shut them up,' said mamma.

Bessie looked very sorry, while her mamma found some black cloth, and wound it around the finger, then the thumb. Her hand felt very clumsy, but she went to bed and got up in the morning with them still tied up.

'Shall I take this ugly black cloth off now?' she asked, on going to be washed.

'Oh, no!' said mamma. 'We have no proof that they are sorry yet, so it would not be safe to trust them. They might go right away into the closet again.'

'I think they are sorry,' said Bessie.

'But they have not said so,' replied mamma. So Bessie went down to breakfast with the ugly black rags on. She could not eat very much, because every time she used the spoon papa looked so queer. Soon after breakfast she ran to mamma with tears running down her cheeks.

'Mamma,' she sobbed, 'I made my fingers naughty; I'm so sorry! please forgive me.'

And now the black cloth was taken off, and the fingers kissed, and Bessie ran away very happy.
'May Flower.'

Through a Crack in the Wall.

By Mrs. Lizzie de Armond.

In a dingy little court lived Widow Gray and her aged mother. A gloomy, cheerless room was theirs, nothing to be seen from the one window but tall chimneys and sooty roofs, yet she always sang at her tasks.

'Yes,' she said in answer to our question if some other work could not be obtained that would pay better, 'I might go out sewing by the day; it would be far easier for me and bring in more money than this shop-stitching; but then, there's mother, she clings to me like a child and will not let anyone else wait on her, so that is out of the question. But we have our blessings, too. Do you see that crack in the wall? All the afternoon, when a body feels most used up, the sunlight shines in there upon the floor. I have mother's chair set just where she can look at it, and she does talk so beautiful about its being God's love sent to warm up our hearts!'

Click, click, went the busy machine, and as we carefully descended the broken stairs I could hear a quavering old voice mingling with the younger one in this hymn,

'When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys.'

—'American Messenger'.

Doctors and Drink.

Dr. E. Long Fox, says:—'The example of a doctor who takes any alcoholic drink is absolutely useless when he wishes to influence his patient against it; and it is probable that if a large number of doctors were abstainers their example would do more than legislation.' The extent to which the personal practice of total abstinence is commending itself to the medical profession is partly seen in the existence, and continued increase, of the membership of the British Medical Temperance Association. But it is known that the membership of the association does not show the full extent to which the medical opinion and medical practice, personal and professional, is being permeated by total abstinence principles. The 'Medical Pioneer,' in a review of the twenty-one years the B.M.T.A. has been in existence, pathetically asks:—'What of the very large number of medical men who have come to grief through drink in these twenty-one years?' and then makes this earnest appeal:—'If it has been the custom of medical men to abstain from this cause of vice and crime, disease and death, these weak brethren of ours would have been saved. What has ndered? Nothing but that the majority have preferred their own self-indulgence, or have not been brave enough or generous enough to take the unpopular side, and by so doing to help make it popular.'

What hinders medical men becoming the irresistible power they might be in reducing or getting rid of the intemperance that prevails? Dr. E. Long Fox replies:—'Does not the evil depend mainly upon four considerations: (1) the traditions of the profession; (2) the want of a due appreciation of the physiology of the subject; (3) a forgetfulness or an ignorance of the pathological effects; (4) a defect in recognizing how frequently moderate drinking degenerates into excess?' And Dr. G. Sims Woodhead makes this appeal:—'We must remember that we, and we only, can understand the condition of the drunkard, and that he has a claim upon our charity that he has upon that of no others. Let us give freely of our help and sympathy, and reserve our condemnation for the system which allows and encourages him to become a drunkard.' These are noble and inspiriting words, which ought to be fruitful of good. And if anything can add to their potency we can find it in what Dr. E. Long Fox says:—'We, as doctors must look critically on the results in the country from the use of alcohol. . . . It is almost universally accepted that without it we would not need half our hospitals, and the records of the post-mortem room, even excluding all accidents that occur under drink, would convince any one given to pathological statistics that it is the very plague of the country.' Or we may find it in the pathos of these further words of Dr. G. Sims Woodhead:—'How firm is the bondage of drink we know only too well, and we, who pride ourselves on our liberty and talk so glibly of the liberty of the subject, should bear in mind that there is "one liberty which the humane would see denied to every class of every people—the liberty to make themselves slaves."' We want more and more of such personal testimonies as Dr. C. R. Drysdale gives when he says:—'I have experienced the ill effects of alcoholic treatment in countless cases; and I do not remember ever to have seen a case when it has done any good,' and, therefore, 'personally I would not consent in my own case to take any form of alcohol when suffering from disease.' The personal experience of Dr. Drysdale is but an echo of the older experience of Dr. Gregory, who testified:—'I never got a patient by water-drinking, but thousands by strong liquors'; and who elsewhere speaks of distilled liquors as 'deservedly held to be the most pernicious of all that human luxury has hitherto invented.' We would fain believe that Dr. E. Long Fox is speaking words of truth and soberness when he says:—'The battle will be won on the medical side when the profession accepts the fact that the drug acts on the body as a neuro-paralytic, and not as a stimulant,' which means that it is for the doctors to proclaim the truth respecting alcohol, and to shape their personal and professional conduct as the truth directs.—'Temperance Record.'

Tobacco And the Eyesight.

Prof. Craddock says that tobacco has a bad effect upon the sight, and a distinct disease of the eye is attributed to its immoderate use. Many cases in which complete loss of sight has occurred, and which were formerly regarded as hopeless, are now known to be curable by making the patient abstain from tobacco. These patients almost invariably at first have color-blindness, taking red to be brown or black, and green to be light blue or orange. In nearly every case the pupils are much contracted, in some cases to such an extent that the patient is unable to move about without assistance. One such man admitted that he had usually smoked from twenty to thirty cigars a day. He consented to give up smoking altogether; and his sight was fully restored in three and a half months. It has been found that chewing is much worse than smoking in its effects upon the eyesight, probably for the simple reason that more of the poison is absorbed. The condition found in the eye in the early stages is that of extreme congestion only; but this, unless remedied at once, leads to gradually increasing disease of the optic nerve; and then, of course, blindness is absolute, and beyond remedy. It is therefore, evident that, to be of any value, the treatment of disease of the eye due to excessive smoking, must be immediate, or it will probably be useless.—'Popular Science News.'

A Smoky Lot.

One of the greatest difficulties that women have to encounter in training their children, is the influence of the bad examples set by good men. It is easy to warn children not to follow in the steps of a gutter drunkard, but when they quote a wine-drinking minister it is much more hard.

A writer in the 'Reformed Church Messenger,' tells a story which will illustrate this.

'A pious mother, who, with her husband, had repeatedly cautioned her two sons (respectively about ten and twelve years of age) not to smoke, and promised to punish them in case they disobeyed, one day detected the smell of cigar smoke upon the boys upon their entering the home.

'They were at once charged with disobedience, and after some parleying confessed that they had gone in an out of the way place and gratified their desire.

'When the punishment was about to be inflicted, they pleaded in justification of their course that their Sunday-school teacher smoked. 'No difference,' replied the good mother,' the habit is an evil one, and if indulged in, will injure your health, lead to extravagance and perhaps, after awhile, to the use of intoxicating drinks.' 'But, mother, our Sunday-school superintendent smokes.' The mother persisted in her determination to punish the children, was confronted with what was expected to be a full justification of their conduct, 'Why, mother, our minister smokes!' What was to be done under such trying circumstances? Justice had to be satisfied, and the lads were punished for following the example of their spiritual advisers, their Sunday-school teacher, their Sunday-school superintendent, and to crown all, their own pastor! Comment is unnecessary, though it may be added that smoking has become so universal that in some cities, the amount spent for tobacco in its various forms would pay the salaries of all the ministers, and all the church expenses, and leave a respectable sum for missions at home and abroad.'—'Safeguard.'

Ethical Teaching.

(By Rev. Geo. P. Hays.)

The absurdity of our common-school course of study can scarcely be overstated. We tax everybody for public education to make the children moral citizens, and the one thing which is not taught by law is morals. A high school boy breaks into a grocery store and steals a ham, and straightway we send him to the penitentiary, but he was never taught in school what an oath was, or a crime, or a court, or a jail, or a penitentiary; or anything by which or for which he is punished by a life-long disgrace. With my low estimate of masculine activity as compared with feminine aggressiveness you may be sure I am glad the W. C. T. U. is pushing forward ethical teaching in public education.—'Union Signal.'

Water For Babies.

During the fast of the night there should be always ready by the bedside a thoroughly clean nursing-bottle filled with water that has been boiled. If the baby is wakeful, fretful, or hungry, allow him to nurse from this. A few swallows will suffice to calm him. The ordinary heat of the chamber will render the water warm enough for a child in health. If the infant is delicate or ill, the drinking water must be warmed to ninety degrees Fahrenheit in a cup of water placed over an alcohol-lamp on the table. Sometimes a baby will not drink even water from a nursing-bottle, in which case it is necessary to moisten its mouth as often as it cries with a fine soft white cloth saturated with water. An older child should be fed with water from a spoon. Water the child must have, and in abundance, during the troublesome nights when the habit of sleep is not yet established and the desire for night meals is not thoroughly overcome.—Frances Fisher Wood, in 'Harper's Bazar.'

Keep Your Top Cool.

It is reported of Artemus Ward that he once offered his flask of whiskey to the driver of the stage on the top of which he was riding through a mountainous section. The stage-driver refused the flask in most decided tones. He said:

'I don't drink; I won't drink; I don't like to see anybody else drink. I am of the opinions of those mountains — keep your top cool! They've got snow, and I've got brains; that's all the difference.'

There is a great deal of wisdom in his remark—'Keep your top cool.' Without a sound brain man is not of much use to the world. Alcohol, whether in beer, cider, wine, brandy, or whiskey, is a foe of the brain; and when it gets there inflames it, and renders it unfit for use. Be like the honest stage-driver and resolve to 'keep your top cool.'—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

LESSON X.—DECEMBER, 5.

Christ's Humility an Exaltation.

Philippians ii., 1-11. Read the Epistle to the Philippians. Commit verses 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii., 5.

Home Readings.

M. Phil. ii., 1-11.—Christ's humility and exaltation.
T. John i., 1-14.—'The Word was made flesh.'
W. John xiii., 1-17.—Christ doing a servant's work.
Th. Matt., xi., 16-30.—'I am meek and lowly in heart.'
F. Isa. liii., 1-12.—'Despised and rejected of men.'
S. Acts. ii., 22-36.—'By the right hand of God exalted.'
S. Heb. ii., 1-18.—'Crowned with glory and honor.'

Lesson Story.

The Epistle to the Philippians, from which our lesson is taken, is one of the sweetest of Paul's short letters. The keynote is joy. Rejoicing and thankfulness pervade the whole epistle. Paul the aged, imprisoned in Rome, counting all things but loss for the name of Jesus, having suffered much in every way, exhorts the Philippians to rejoice with him. 'Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice,' (Ch., iv., 4). Having none of those things which are naturally dear to the human heart—home, friends and liberty—counting himself a living sacrifice, his heart is filled with joy, as he says, 'I joy and rejoice with you all. For the same cause also do ye joy, and rejoice with me.'

Years before (Acts xvi., 25.) Paul had been filled with joy in Philippi, when in prison there with Silas. Probably writing to the Philippians reminded him of God's wondrous deliverance, thus filling his heart with joy and thankfulness.

Paul exhorts the Christians at Philippi to be of one mind, united in Christ, knit together by love in the fellowship of the Holy Spirit. Love means self-effacement, and excludes all idea of strife and vain glory. Love sees the best and makes the most of the good in others. All Christians should have the lowly mind of Jesus, who, though he was God, in all the majesty and greatness of omnipotence, yet he emptied himself that he might take upon him the form of a servant.

Christ became a man that he might understand and know all the trials and difficulties of humanity—he is perfect in humanity. He is perfect in divinity also, which alone made the sacrifice of his humanity a perfect atonement for sin. Having made himself a man—a servant, he became servant of all. As a sublime service to all generations of all peoples of the world, he 'became obedient unto death' — the most humiliating and dreadful death that could be devised.

'Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.'

Lesson Hymn.

Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death
He saves me from the grave.

Since from his bounty I receive,
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine!

Lesson Hints.

The letter to the Philippians was written from the hired house in Rome in which Paul was kept prisoner, A.D. 62. It was sent by Epaphroditus, who seems to have brought to Paul some gift from the Church at Philippi. (Ch., ii., 25.) He had received several such gifts previously, (Ch. iv., 15, 16, 18: II. Cor., xi., 9, 10.) and rejoiced in the love that prompted these acts of kindness.

'Comfort'—from the Latin word 'confortare'—to strengthen much, to invigorate, to fortify, to encourage. Comfort is both consolation and strength. 'If any bowels and mercies' — kindheartedness and sympathy. If these things exist among you, 'fulfil ye my joy'—give me reason to rejoice, make me joyful by being 'like-minded'—thinking the same things, being 'of one mind.'

'Unity in essentials,
'Liberty in non-essentials,
'Charity in all things.'

a good old motto. All Christians cannot see alike as to non-essential doctrines. A perfect apple is not exactly like a perfect orange, yet each is a perfect fruit, and as such pleases the gardener. There are many different denominations, but they all unite in the essential doctrines of faith.

One sole baptismal sign,
One Lord below, above,
One faith, one hope divine,
One only watchword, love:
From different temples though it rise,
One song ascendeth to the skies.

'Vainglory'—conceitedness, vanity. Selfishness and pride are enemies of all harmony and unity.

'Being in the form of God' — being one with God, (I. John, i., xvii., 5, 21.)

'Robbery,' the Revised Version has it, 'counted it not a prize (or, 'a thing to be grasped') to be on an equality with God.' That is, he chose to lay aside for a time the glories of omnipotence, that he might become a bondservant, to save men. Counting it a more glorious prize to humiliate himself than to be exalted. (Heb. ii., 1, 2)

'Highly exalted him'—(Heb. i., 2-4; Eph. i., 2023: Col., iii., 1: Acts vii., 55, 56: Dan., vii., 13, 14: Rev. i., 5-7, 13-18: Rev. vi., 22, 23.)

Primary Lesson.

'Before honor is humility'—that was said by a wise man named Solomon, thousands of years ago. Jesus Christ chose humility rather than greatness, and so made humility honorable and glorious.

Did you ever hear any one say—'O, I would not do such work, I am not a servant!' Some people seem to think that it is a horrid thing to be a servant. But our Lord and Saviour does not think so, though he was King of Kings and Lord of Lords, he chose to be a servant to all that he might save men.

It is a much greater and more glorious thing to be really humble than to have all the honor and glory the world could give you. It is not easy to be humble, our old heart is filled with pride, but Jesus gives us a new heart to serve him, we must ask him to fill us with humility so that there will not be any room for pride. Pride is always hateful and hurtful, and just the opposite of Christ-like. The world is full of the false glory of its pride, but followers of Jesus will be crowned with the true glory of humility.

Search Questions.

Give six passages in which Jesus Christ asserts himself as God.

SUGGESTED HYMNS.

'There is a green hill,' 'Praise Him!' 'Out of my bondage,' 'Light after darkness,' 'More holiness give me,' 'At the feet of Jesus,' 'Thy life was given for me,' 'Rock of Ages.'

Practical Points.

Dec. 5th. Philippians ii., 1-11.
A. H. CAMERON.

The comfort Christ gives is like that of a mother to her child. His love is better than wine. His fellowship more desirable than communion with angels, and his compassion is proverbial. Such a mind we may have in manner, though not in degree. Verses 1, 2.

Nothing but the Christ-spirit will cast out the demon of selfishness. Verses 3, 4, 5.

A clear view of Christ's humility and obedience will keep us from climbing the hill of vanity, or being imprisoned by Giant Despair. Verses 6, 7, 8.

Christ's exaltation gives authority to his name. Verse 9. Matt. xxviii., 18: Rev. Ver.

Every eye will see Jesus, but every heart will not love him. Every tongue shall confess him lord, but every soul shall not rejoice in his salvation. Verses 10, 11.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Dec. 5.—'Not to be ministered unto, but to minister.'—Matt. xx., 20-28.

Junior Prayer-Meeting Topic.

Dec. 5.—Serving others, and its rewards. Matt. xx., 20-28.

Bible Study.

(Rev. H. A. Bridgman.)

We surely do not want to substitute books about the bible for the bible itself, but we may make profitable use of the results reached by men who have grown gray in bending over the pages of Holy Writ. While the bible is simple enough to be understood by an ordinary mind, it is also true that we do not get at its richest lessons and inspirations unless we are willing to use our mental faculties upon it in the same way in which we apply them to the study of general history or literature.

My experience with Sunday-school classes has shown me that what the average young person needs most is an actual knowledge of the contents of a given passage. How few there are who can narrate accurately such familiar stories as that of the prodigal son or of the good Samaritan. We glide over the surface of scripture. Frequent reading of it in the house of God secures from us only a mechanical attention. Study your bible until you actually know how, in its broad outlines, the gospel of Luke differs from the gospel of John; what Paul is trying to teach in Galatians as over against his instructions to Timothy; what the book of Joshua actually tells about the conquest of the Holy Land. It is little short of a disgrace that intelligent Christians know so little of what the bible sets forth in the way of historical fact. Any kind of criticism is worse than such dense ignorance as to what the pages of the bible contain.

We are to study the bible to obtain food for our spiritual lives. No Christian can be strong for service who does not keep in constant contact with God's revelation of himself through the scriptures. Intellectual mastery of the argument in Romans for justification by faith, is worth much, but a simple, child-like surrender to Christ is worth more. A discernment of the overruling providence that guided the steps of the children of Israel is important, but of still more importance is it to obtain a sure sense that as God was with the fathers so is he with us.

Of Moody and Sankey's work in Edinburgh in 1873, Mr. J. MacPherson writes: 'A mighty power was obviously at work: what was it but the power of God? Multitudes of all classes, from the highest to the lowest, attended the various services, noon, afternoon, and night, Many were converted. Students, sceptics, prodigal sons, drunkards, persons of every type of character, and of all ages and ranks, sought the Lord and found him. Some went to scoff and remained to pray.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Family Altar.

(The answer to an oft-asked question, by the Rev. B. G. Maynrd.)

'Good-night, mamma!'
'Good night, children!'

And the young ones are off on their voyage to 'Dreamland.' Their evening devotions at the mother's knee have been performed. Brief are these evening services, but they span the ages and are limited by eternity only. *In all the world of speech there is no* such pulpit as that about the godly mother's knee. There devotional habits are formed and devotional impulses awakened that tide the budding life into destinies of goodness, greatness and glory. It is at these home altars that we hear notes that echo down the years—blessing, exalting, ennobling. Their memory never dies. Who can forget their songs, their prayers, their exhortations, their warnings and their tears? The hopes awakened the anxieties quieted, the joys experienced, the peaceful sense of security attained—can these ever fade away into dreamy forgetfulness? Can they die without their living fruitage? No! no!

God be thanked for the family altar, with its hallowing and saving influences and its sweet and soothing memories! Oh, that the flames of the old-time family devotions, with their sacred songs and prayers of faith, could be re-illumined in our Canadian homes! Oh, that all Canadian hearts would be re-enthused with regard to this old-time family relic! Its disappearance is a social, Christian, and national calamity. We learn here the answer to the oft-asked question, 'Why this alarming decline of religious zeal, self-denial, of personal sacrifice? Why this declension of the missionary spirit?' Here's the reply: The withering grasp of worldly-mindedness and self-gratification on the family.

Worldliness and pleasure have usurped the place of devotion. Pastime cards have supplanted the Bible on the centre-table, and instead of songs of the Redeemer those of empty hilarity are heard by the fireside. God's name goes unmentioned and God's word remains unopened. The latest novel, the Sunday paper, the mirthful song, the theatre and the social dance, all occupy time and absorb attention; while the awful realities of eternity are forgotten and unheeded. Godlessness in the life, and thoughtlessness and forgetfulness in the mind and heart, are the prelude to consequences awfully tragic. May our country be spared the doom which awaits a land where godless lives and altarless homes bring down the judgments of an offended Deity!' — 'Parish and Home'

Plenty of Fresh Air.

The importance of fresh air in bedrooms and clothes-presses cannot be over-estimated. It is not at all unusual for people to come in from the street, remove their clothing, hang it up in a small, close closet, perhaps against a warm chimney or near a register, and then shut the door and go away, without a thought of the dangers that lurk in the stuffy atmosphere thus created. The hems of the skirts have swept up all kinds of rubbish, and disease germs in the mud and dampness of the pavement, and these are allowed to propagate in this stifling air. When the garments are wanted they are taken down, given a bit of a flirt, or, under favorable circumstances, a thorough brushing in the room, filling the apartment with deadly germs, any one of which may lodge in a sensitive throat or head, or upon some unprotected portion of the body, and lay the train for a long series of ills, with perhaps a fatal termination.

Sunshine helps to preserve the health, and garments that can be so exposed should be put into the bright sunlight for some portion of the day, after they have been worn in the streets of a city.

It is well worth while, if one can, to have two suits of clothing, to be worn on alternate days. This gives one an opportunity to become sanitary while the other is in use. Besides, it is extremely uncomfortable to put on a garment that is laden with perspiration, and has not had time to become thoroughly dry. After a few wearings, the clothing of certain people, becomes charged with an odor of perspiration that is anything but agreeable. When the wearers discover this they resort to perfumes, strong ones sometimes, and they go about smelling like a perfumery shop. There is nothing so wholesome and agreeable in the way of smells as the odor of cleanliness, and clean clothes have a perfume all their own. There are many people whose perspiration has a peculiar odor, caused by some derangement of the system. They do not know that this can almost always be corrected by proper medical treatment. There are, however, some who are hopelessly afflicted in this way, and a greater misfortune it is scarcely possible for a healthy person to meet with. Bathing in salt and water, with an occasional bath in which ammonia is used, is sometimes beneficial; but those who are troubled in this way should lose no time in consulting a physician, that their trouble may be treated before it becomes chronic. — New York 'Ledger.'

The Child at Home.

The child is building his world. He builds from the centre outward. That centre is himself. In himself he must early find his centre of gravity, 'the fulcrum and centre of his powers.' To this end he must early have his own place, and his own material, belonging exclusively to himself. Happy the child who has his own corner. Have you observed his love for it—how he speaks of it as 'my corner?' Happy the child who when he outgrows his corner, can then say 'my room.' Here he can keep his things, and having his own property rights, respects those of others.

Many grown people do not appreciate the wrong they do in destroying a child's property—dry leaves, stones, sticks, strings, etc., which seem very insignificant to us but are gold and diamonds to them. A mother I know has the contents of a little child's pocket. The child died forty years ago. She cherishes the old snuff-box which he had carried around filled with shells, stones, marbles, a cent, a bit of tin, and all tied with a leather string. If mothers could only have a little of the reverence she feels for that pocket while the children are with them, many bruised feelings would be saved, and there would be closer sympathy between mothers and children.—'Pres. W. L. Hervey.'

Selected Recipes.

Franklin Cake. — Mix together a pint of molasses and half a pint of milk, in which cut up half a pound of butter. Warm just enough to melt the butter, and stir in six ounces of brown sugar, adding three tablespoonfuls of ginger, a tablespoonful of powdered cinnamon, a teaspoonful of powdered cloves and a grated nutmeg. Beat seven eggs very light and stir them gradually into the mixture, in turn with a pound and two ounces of sifted flour. Add the grated peel and juice of two lemons. Stir very hard Put in buttered tins and bake in a moderate oven.

Here is a dish called 'sponge pudding,' of which Southerners are very fond: — Beat seven eggs until they are light as sea-foam; add six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and beat for five minutes furiously. Sift into it seven tablespoonfuls of sweet corn meal, one tablespoonful of salt, grated peel of half a lemon and its juice, freed from seeds. Stir quickly and bake in sponge-cake pans, serving hot with hot sauce or creamed butter and sugar with nutmeg.

Mutton or Chicken Broth.—One pound lean mutton or chicken, cut small, one quart of water, cold, one tablespoonful of rice, or barley, soaked in a very little warm water, four tablespoonfuls of milk, salt and pepper, with a little chopped parsley. Boil the meat unsalted, in the water, keeping it closely covered, until it falls to pieces. Strain it out, add the soaked barley or rice; simmer half an hour, stirring often; stir in the seasoning and the milk, and simmer five minutes after it heats up well, taking care it does not burn. Serve hot, with cream crackers.

The Mother's Work in the Home.

The mother's work is unlike any other in the whole world; it entails the constant drawing out of the very depths of her nature and keeps it on the stretch often for hours together. It is from morning to night, and often does not end with night. But different calls are made on her at different times; that is where the difficulty and need of adaptation arise. She must, like a musician on a rich-toned organ, frequently, at a moment's notice, pull out a new stop and pull in all the others—thus only can she supply the harmony of family life. She must be ready to meet these sudden, rapid changes, these calls on her love and sympathy on all sides. She must go from the anxiety of a sick room to a cheerful meal without casting sorrow around her; from the practical and troublesome study of economics to join in the intellectual joys which have no price on earth. She may come in from visits to her poorer neighbors, and while her heart aches at leaving some terrible sight—a burned child, it may be, or a dying old friend—she must at once devote her whole attention to something her children have been waiting for, in which all her best powers must be used. In these rapid changes she must show no dismay, no surprise; they are her life. She must reckon herself as rightly the servant of all, while she is mistress of all, and must take smallest details as not only "all in the day's work," but as her own special province and one of her joys in life, as that about which it warms her heart to think that she, and she alone, is the one who can in the end order and arange them for the comfort and well-being of the little community, under her charge. In order to succeed in this, she must bring all her powers to bear on it with definite intention, just as the skilful musician would. Details, interruptions, perplexities, all must be, as it were, part of one great whole, must minister to the efficiency of the one great work, the fulfilment of the one ideal. This ideal is the same for the woman of high rank, with her large household and her heavy social responsibilities, as for the quiet 'home-maker,' who has but one little maid-of-all-work to direct. Both alike have husband and children to care for, and of the two the second has perhaps the making of her own life most entirely in her own hands. To be queen over her little kingdom, serene in every family emergency, capable of directing all things with calmness, cheerfulness and decision, is an ambition sufficient to tax the powers of the most skilful among us, and a vocation equal to the highest God has appointed on earth.—'The Parents' Review.'

Two Friends.

'In a minute' is a bad friend: he makes you put off what you ought to do at once, and so he gets you into a great deal of trouble.

'Right away' is a good friend: he helps you to do what you are asked to pleasantly and quickly, and he never gets you into trouble.—'Buds of Promise.'

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